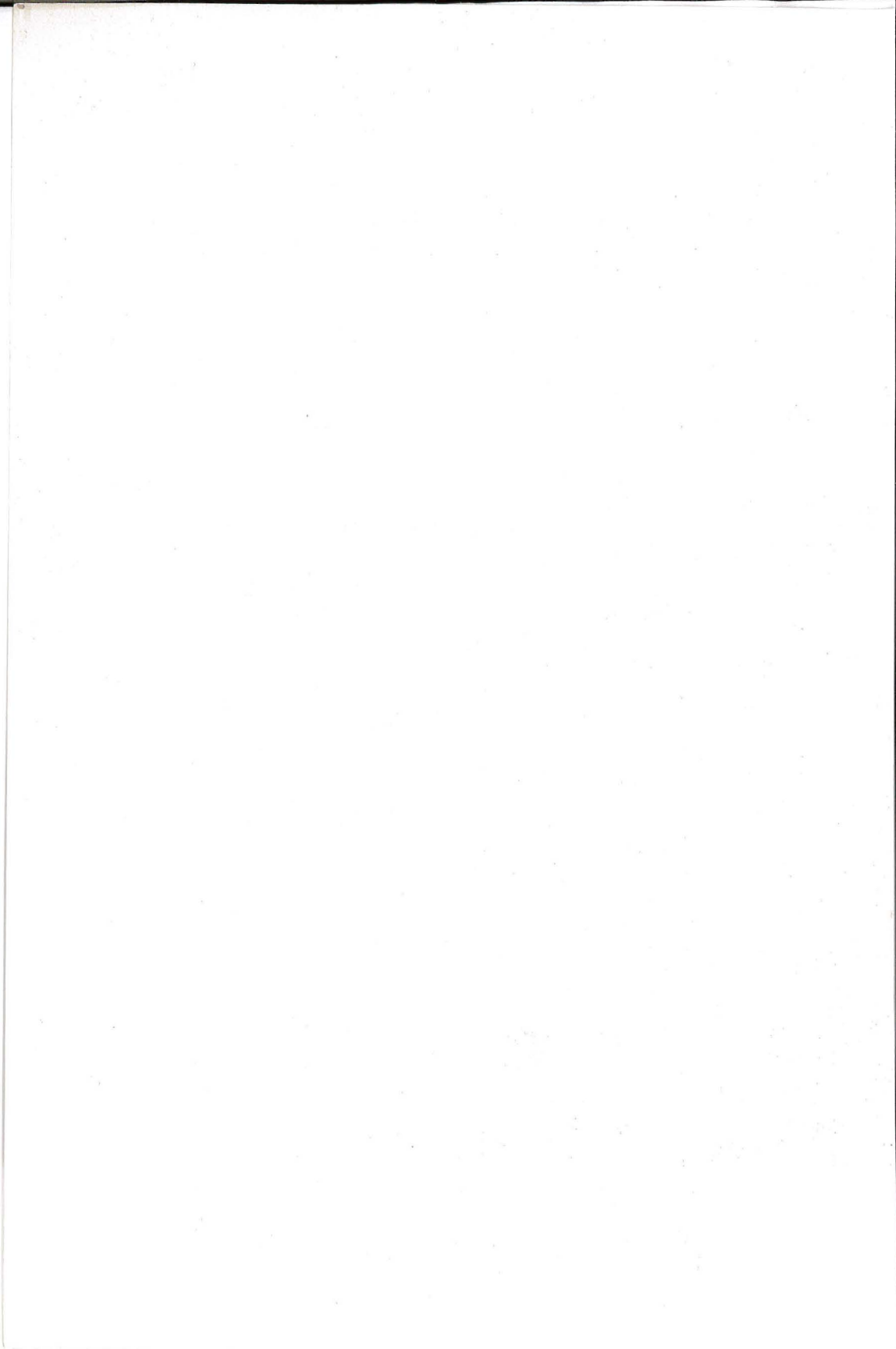


# PATTERNS

St. Clair County Community College

1974



## P r e f a c e

Of many traditions that this college has established over its fifty years of existence, **Patterns** has been one of the most unusual and rewarding. Sixteen years ago two dedicated English instructors, Miss Blanche Redman and David Vermitten, conceived the idea of a publication devoted to the best in student creative work. With the help of some hard-working students and a mimeograph machine **Patterns** was born. The magazine soon evolved into its present format and established its national reputation as one of the most respected literary magazines in the country for two year institutions.

Many of the alumni printed in **Patterns** over the years have gone on to careers in the creative arts. The twenty-six writers and artists represented here join several hundred former students who have made **Patterns** what it has become. **Patterns** truly stands for excellence in the very best meaning of the word.

### Judges

#### Writing

Richard J. Colwell  
Eleanor Mathews  
Fred Reed  
Gary Garrett

#### Art

Patrick Bourke  
Jack Hennessey  
Earl Robinette  
Dale Northup





**Wanning Mist (ink wash)**

**Sandy Campbell**



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**Marsh Wittliff**



# Honorable Exile

by

T. I. Morrison

So this is America. A great press of people moving about, harsh voices speaking loudly in a strange language, a man in a blue uniform questioning Poppa through an interpreter — why leave Poland to come here? Why had Poppa brought Mamma and Michael and me to this country? In Poland people were friendly, kind, and understandable, at least. Why must we come here, Poppa? What was wrong with our farm? Poppa? Poppa?

"Pappa, Pappa, wake up."

"Mr. Welasczec, you have a visitor."

The old man stirred in the wheelchair. "What? Who is it?"

"Your son is here, Mr. Welasczec," the nurse said.

"It's me, pappa. I didn't mean to wake you," said the visitor as the nurse left. "How have you been?"

"I was not asleep, and how would you be, here with all these old people?"

"Pappa, you were asleep. I don't know why you insist that you weren't when . . ."

"Always you tell me what I do and know and feel! You know so much about me, why you come to see me?"

The younger man started to reply in the same tone in which his father had spoken to him but on a second thought decided to maintain a respectful amount of self control. "Pappa, I don't want to fight. I had some time away from the office and decided I should come and see you. That's all. Now, how have you been?"

The old man turned slightly to look at his son. "I told you. I'm the same way you'd be here with all these old people. What? You can't sit down to talk to your pappa? Sit. Sit down. How are the little boys?"

"Fine, Pappa," the younger man replied as he took a seat near the wheelchair. "They aren't so little any more. Don't forget, the oldest one is in college and the youngest will graduate from high school next year. I'd like to have them come out with me to see you sometime, but you know how busy they are."

"Yes, everyone's busy now. If your mamma and I were so busy while we were raising you, where would you be now? Certainly not the big lawyer in big law office. Big lawyer — so big he even outgrows his pappa's name. What is it you call yourself now?"

"Welland, Pappa, and I don't know why you have to keep asking me what . . ."

"I don't know why Welasczec isn't good enough. Your uncle Michael's sons keep the name, and they do well enough. My son, though, he has to change his name."



"Pappa, I know they are doing well, but being a lawyer is different than running a hardware store in Chicago. I'm a professional, and I have an image to maintain. People want to be able to identify with their attorney, to feel at ease with him. My clientele finds that they feel more comfortable with a Mr. Welland than with a Mr. Welasczec."

The father gave a mild snort of disgust. "Your 'clientele' can 'identify.' Hear the big lawyer with the big words! To his own pappa he talks like he's trying to impress. I tell you, you're not in courtroom now, you're talking to pappa. The same pappa who put you through school so you could be big lawyer. The same pappa who brought you up. The same pappa who you should respect instead of put away here with all these old people. If your mamma was still alive, maybe you put her with me here, too. Your uncle Michael's boys don't put him away with old people, and . . ."

"Pappa," the son interrupted, "my uncle Michael has been dead for three years! You are here for your own good."

"My own good? Yes, it's so good to be put away out here after all mamma and I . . ."

"Dammit, Pappa, don't go through that again! I've already heard that today," the son said, more loudly than he had intended. The words seemed to echo down the corridor. With more composure, he continued, "I don't understand why we always quarrel whenever I come to see you. I don't understand why you always accuse me of 'putting you away.' I only want the best for you. Why do you always start these things?"

The old man's face changed, softened. "I tell you why," he said. "I don't quarrel with my son. I quarrel with a man so big he can only spare a few minutes for his pappa. I quarrel with a man who tells me I must leave my house and friends and come to this place full of old people. I quarrel with a man who forgets who is son and who is pappa. I remember in Poland, when I was little boy, we always show Poppa respect. No more, here. Here old people are not really people. Here we get put away."

"For God's sake, Pappa, there you go again. Look, I have to go now. I'll try to make it back again next week."

"Such a strain for you," the old man sighed.

"Oh, good Lord! Goodbye, Pappa." The younger man got up and left.

"Goodbye, lawyer," his father said.

"Goodbye, Mr. Welland," the nurse said as he passed the desk.

"Oh. Goodbye, now. My father can be irritating at times, I know. Has he caused any trouble for you?"

"No, none at all," the nurse replied. "He has been fine, even a little on the quiet side. Don't worry — they seem to like it here with people of their own age."

"Yes, I'm sure they do," said Welland, as he was swept by a sudden, odd fear of growing old.



**Solitude (charcoal)**

**Mark McKnight**



## Flight 203

by

James R. Rush

Harry Gill sat studying his martini. His dark cruel features were screwed into a half sneer. The thin lips twitched and his beady eyes narrowed to slits as the sardonic smile only half succeeded in replacing the sneer.

He heaved his squat muscular body out of the chair and stalked to the portable bar. Emptying his glass, he made another drink and returned to the table. Sitting down he glared across the table at his beautiful wife Tanya. Lighting up a cigar, he said, "Tanya, how would you like to be rich?"

"Very much Harry," Tanya answered sarcastically, "and what brilliant brainstorm have you conceived in your evil mind this time?"

Ignoring the caustic tone of her voice, he went on, "Would two hundred and fifty thousand dollars be enough.

"Don't tell me Harry, you've robbed a bank!" She replied, covering her ears with scarlet tipped hands.

"No," Harry said, "something better. Far better. But you will have to help."

"Oh no, Harry," Tanya glared across the table, "you are not going to get me involved in anymore of your schemes. I remember the last one only too well. Emerald mines in Columbia wasn't it? And the one before that, industrial spying, I believe. And the one before that . . . Not this time Harry," she said breathlessly, as she rose from the table.

Leaping to his feet with surprising speed and agility for a man of his bulk, Harry seized Tanya's flowing auburn hair in his left fist and brought the palm of his right hand sharply across her cheek. The stinging slap was followed by another and another until her head whipped side to side in a frenzy. Pushing her toward the chair she had left, Harry released his grip on her tangled hair.

Tanya fell into the chair and grasped the table to keep from falling to the floor. Her creamy complexion marked by angry red welts from Harry's hand. Somewhat chastened by the viciousness of Harry's mood, she sat still with her head bowed.

"Tanya!" Harry commanded. He went on as she raised her head. "You listen to me, understand? Then you can make up your mind . . . and Tanya, don't ever walk away from me when I'm talking to you. Got that?"

"Yes, Harry." Tanya stammered, fighting back the tears.

Twenty minutes later Tanya was still listening. Her facial expression having run the gauntlet from anger to shock, fear, greed and undeniable surprise.

"Well," Harry asked, "what do you think? Is old Harry getting through to you." Lighting up another cigar, he went on, "The pretty part is, all you have to do is be the bereaved wife and collect the insurance money.



Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Do you know what that means Tanya? We'll be set for life. All the things we always wanted. Paris, Rome, the Riviera. It's perfect, Tanya. Right down to my taking the later flight to Cleveland. Of course from there I'll go on to Mexico and wait for you. Well?"

"It sounds good, Harry," she whispered as she slid her arms around his thick bull neck, "I think you have drawn a winner this time." It's about time, she thought. "Of course I'll help you, Harry. After all, I have everything to gain, don't I?"

"Yes." Harry replied as his mind checked back over the plan. He had thought of little else since the plan had burst like an explosion inside his head some hours earlier. Thoroughly he probed and searched the plan for mistakes, going over all the minute details that might prove erroneous. It appeared perfect; too good to be true. And yet Harry's cold calculating mind could locate not one single phase that could go wrong. Thinking back to his arrival at the office some three hours earlier, he went over the whole plan from start to finish.

Upon his arrival at the Dime building, Harry had walked directly to the elevator and stepped in. The first pieces fell into place. The pieces that were to make Harry Gill a mass murderer within the next forty-eight hours.

Along with Harry in the elevator there were several of the girls from the steno pool and Bill Martin. At the sight of Martin, rage had built up inside Harry almost to the bursting point. He held a secret hate for Martin that he barely managed to keep hidden. Martin had worked for Hayden Incorporated only two years, but during that time he succeeded in pushing Harry out of the number one spot among the Public Relations men. Out of the limelight that Harry had lived in when he had been old man Hayden's favorite.

Martin had nodded to Harry, but otherwise remained silent on the way up. He appeared to be in deep inner turmoil and a worried expression clouded the usually smiling face.

Harry studied Martin's expression and hated him to his utmost, as if the sheer force of mental hate would destroy the man. Martin stood a good six inches taller than Harry, with light curly hair and blue eyes. His well proportioned physique was openly admired by the girls in the office and envy was not uncommon among the men working for Hayden Inc. It was a well known fact that old man Hayden was a fanatic on body building and health foods. Harry smirked to himself as he recalled some of the jokes he had heard about such health addicts, I hope you have an ulcer, you bastard, Harry thought.

As the elevator came to a smooth stop opposite the offices of Hayden Inc. Harry decided to find out just what was worrying Martin, and to take advantage of it, if the opportunity should arise.

As they passed Hayden's secretary she spoke to Martin, "You had better hurry. Mr. Hayden wants to see you. You had better go in now, he's waiting for you." Catching Martin's hand, she whispered into his ear, "He's on the warpath, Podner." She crossed her hands in a praying motion and nodded toward Hayden's private office.

Bill Martin walked to the door and took a deep breath while he waited for the secretary to announce his arrival.

"Send him in." Hayden's bull like voice roared; clearly audible through the door.

Harry, seeing his first chance, stepped close to Hayden's door and listened intently while pretending to look over some cancelled contracts. He heard Hayden saying, "Martin, I want you to get down to Cleveland and wrap up that Allied Electronics contract. I don't need to tell you how important that contract is to the company, and to you! I don't care how you do it, understand? Your methods are your business, just do it. Now, Bill," Hayden went on lowering his voice somewhat, "I don't like to make threats but if you fail to get that contract, you'll be looking for another job! You've done a good job for me and the company in the past couple of years. **But**, you lost Spencer Industries last week! Wrapping up Allied will make up for that, but if you lose Allied you are through here. Do I make myself completely clear?"

"Yes, Mr. Hayden. I understand perfectly. I'll get it sir, you can depend on me sir," Martin finished lamely.

"You won't get it standing there **siring** me, Martin," Hayden roared ominously, "that board meeting is tomorrow at ten o'clock. I want you to get down there in plenty of time, so you can get some sleep. Is Grace keeping you from your rest?" Hayden queried. "Anyway, I want you fresh and wide awake so you can check around at Allied before the meeting. I've already called the airport," Hayden went on, "Flight 203 leaves in about three hours." Taking a deep breath, Hayden said, "I want you on that plane, understand?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, get moving Martin. Get down to the airport and make reservations; or did you want me to take care of that too. If you miss that meeting . . .

Harry listened gleefully to the barrage of threats and promises that Hayden rained upon Martin. The puzzle was taking shape. A set of circumstances was transforming Harry Gill from a greedy resentful man into a murderer.

Quickly Harry walked back to the secretary's desk.

"Grace, I'm going home for the day. Will you see that my calls are recorded. I've got to see a doctor about my stomach." Harry grimaced artfully as he turned and left. He walked directly to the elevator and rode down to the lobby. His mind working quickly and efficiently as more of the pieces fell neatly into place. Reaching the street, he hailed a taxi. "The airport and hurry!" He told the driver. This is a matter of life and death, he chuckled to himself.

Upon his arrival at the airport, Harry shouldered his way through the crowd and went directly to the reservation desk.

"May I get a seat on Flight 203," he asked the pert young blonde behind the desk, "it's terribly important."

With her practiced smile the girl replied, "I'm sorry sir, that flight is filled. All seats have been reserved. We have a later flight if you're interested."

"Any chance of a cancellation?" Harry asked, almost desperately. "No sir, I'm sorry." She smiled sweetly.





**Figure Study (charcoal)**

**Jack McInnis**



"Well, in the event that there is a last minute cancellation, could you notify me?"

"It's not company policy, sir."

"Look," Harry lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper, as he withdrew his wallet and extracted a twenty dollar bill, "if there is a last minute cancellation would you page me? I'll wait in the lounge."

"Well . . ." she hesitated.

"If I get a seat on Flight 203, I'll give you the twin to this," he smiled as he slipped the bill under her hand, "okay?"

"Yes sir, I think that could be arranged, and what is your name, sir?"

"Gill, Harry Gill."

Harry went into the lounge and ordered a martini and began his wait for the cancellation that he was sure would come. The girl behind the desk was a greedy little tart, Harry decided. Her hot little hands would see that he had a seat on Flight 203. He was sure of that. All he had to do now was wait. It was not a long wait.

Before Harry could finish his drink, the P.A. system announced that Mr. Harry Gill was wanted at the reservation desk. Harry paid for his drink and walked quickly to the desk. He saw the girl was holding a ticket in her hand and smiling.

"Here you are sir," she said expectantly, "it's the only one, and did I ever have trouble getting it."

"Yes," Harry replied drily, "I'm sure you did."

Gloating, Harry slipped another bill across the counter and said, "I would kiss you, Doll, if it wasn't against company policy. But, of course, you are a real stickler for policy, aren't you?"

"Yes sir," she smiled bitterly as Harry walked away.

Looking up from the ticket he held in his hand, Harry spotted Bill Martin coming his way.

Had Bill Martin been in a less troubled mood, he would have surely seen Harry leaving the desk. Bill, however, was only slightly aware of his surroundings as he walked toward the reservation desk.

Harry spotting Martin coming his way, had ducked behind a group of chattering stewardesses and walked with them until he reached a point where he could watch Martin without being seen.

He gloated evilly as he watched Martin frantically trying to get a reservation on the doomed plane. The girl behind the desk continued to shake her head. Finally she reached the limit of her patience. With color flushing her face, she pointed toward the lounge with finality. Her smile had broken as she lost her composure with the endless stream of late-comers who insisted on this particular flight.

Martin walked to the lounge and slumped dejectedly into a chair. The scene was set.

All that need be done, Harry decided, was to talk Tanya into going along with the plan, and of course, assemble the bomb. Harry was very

proud of the bomb. It had been a part of one of Harry's previous schemes. Not an ordinary bomb by any means. He had not only designed it, but built it with the intention of selling it to the government, any government, for sabotage use. It was a simple arrangement of plastic explosive attached to an electronic device that would detonate the charge at an altitude of 1,000 feet. No clumsy dynamite or clockworks for the insurance investigators to find, Harry thought.

Harry had returned home. After the fight with Tanya, and her agreement to help in the plan, Harry was ready. Getting up from the couch, he said, "Tanya, pack me a suitcase. Just sport clothes and dress casuals. The weather in Mexico will be rather warm this time of year," he said, as he gave her a resounding slap across her well rounded rear. "Hurry now, I've got to get to the airport and let Martin talk me out of my ticket in about an hour."

Harry dressed slowly, taking his time. He wanted to reach the airport shortly before Flight 203 departed. The timing had to be close. The most crucial part of the plan would take place in the airport lounge. Martin was not a fool, Harry conceded, but he was sure that Martin would ask no questions when the ticket was dangled in front of his nose. Picking up the attaché case containing the bomb, Harry sat down upon the double bed and checked the wiring. Finding it in perfect order, Harry spoke aloud to himself, "Sorry old boy, but that's the breaks. A man has to look after his own. Convulsing in laughter, Harry quoted a long forgotten poem, **"The jungle creed says the strong must feed, off any prey at hand. Branded a breast, set at the feast, and am I not a man."** Shaking with laughter, Harry rose to his feet, "Bon Voyage, Mr. Martin!"

Calling Tanya, Harry gave her last minute instructions and left the apartment heading for the airport.

Twenty minutes later he entered the lounge and after glancing over the room, he spotted Bill Martin. Martin was sitting at the bar, staring glumly into a drink. Harry walked over and deliberately sat down next to Martin, nudging his elbow as he sat down. Looking toward the elbow he had bumped, he let a surprised look come over his craggy face.

"Hello Martin, you look like you have lost your best friend. Don't tell me, that cute little trick Grace has given you the gate?"

"Hello Gill," Martin answered curiously, "what brings you here?"

"Oh, I've got troubles too. Been worrying about you taking my job so much that I've developed a stomach ulcer. I'm going to Cleveland to see a specialist."

At the mention of Cleveland, Martin came out of the depressed fog he had found himself in, and asked, "Which flight are you taking Gill?"

"Flight?" Harry paused, "Oh the number. Flight 203 . . . That's it, 203. Why?" Harry answered as casually as possible, motioning for the bartender.

"That's the flight I was going to take, but all the seats were reserved," Martin said, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice, "you wouldn't be interested in letting me have your reservation, would you Harry?"

"Well," Harry replied, "there is a later flight I could take." Harry couldn't help adding, "If it's a matter of life or death."

"No, nothing like that," Martin lied.

**Liar**, Harry thought.

"It's just a personal call that Hayden wants me to make."

"Hayden, huh?" Harry queried.

"Look," Martin replied, "I'll be frank with you Harry, if I don't get to Cleveland, on this next flight, there is a chance that both of us will be out of a job. It's that important!"

"What's in it for me?" Harry asked.

"I'll make it worth your while."

"How much," Harry said, letting the greed overflow in his voice.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars, plus buy you a ticket on the next flight," Martin answered, "how about it?"

"Well . . . okay, Martin. What the hell, let's let bygones be bygones and all that. You got yourself a deal."

"You won't regret this Harry. Why don't you order us a drink while I go buy your ticket. Oh . . . keep an eye on my briefcase will you? I'll be right back."

As soon as Martin was out of sight, Harry quickly switched briefcases. They were practically identical except for the tiny gold initials. All the pieces were now in place and Harry liked the picture it presented.

He could imagine Tanya and himself living a life of leisure. The best hotels, the Farrarri he had always dreamed of owning. They were all within his reach now. His thoughts were interrupted as Martin entered the lounge smiling as he approached, ticket in hand.

Smile, **Bastard**, but the last laugh belongs to Harry Gill, he thought.

"Here you are," Martin beamed as he sat down next to Harry.

Harry let a sorrowful expression cloud his features, as he said, "I'm afraid we've forgotten something."

"No," Martin grinned, withdrawing his wallet and counting out the five twenties, "I haven't forgotten."

"That's not what I mean Martin," Harry spoke slowly as he pocketed the bills, "we have to make the ticket switch with the reservation desk, otherwise there might be complications."

Martin started to reply when the P.A. system blared out its message, right on time: **FLIGHT 203 NOW LOADING AT GATE 12. FLIGHT 203 NOW LOADING AT GATE 12.**

Oh, Christ!" Martin exclaimed, what now?"

"Look Martin," Harry hurriedly said, "we can switch identification. That will take care of any problems that may come up."

The P.A. system blared again.

"Yeah, yeah, give me your wallet," Martin answered as he handed his own wallet to Harry.



"Well," Harry said, "as long as I've got a couple of hours to kill, I might as well take in the floor show at Vito's. I hear it is a real blast." Reaching down, he picked up Martin's briefcase and walked toward the door.

He could feel his heart hammering beneath his ribs, as if it was trying to warn Martin by its racing beat. Harry half expected to be hailed by Martin any second, if he noticed the switch now, the whole plan was shot. An eternity passed while Harry walked out of the lounge and into the street outside.

Next to the cabstand he stopped and checked the briefcase. No sense in making a silly mistake now, he thought. The tiny golden initials WM stared up reassuringly at him.

Climbing into a cab, he relaxed and lighted up a cigar in celebration. "Vito's." He told the driver.

Some two hours later, after an enjoyable meal and the very enjoyable floor show, Harry boarded Flight 206 and sat back as the stewardess adjusted his safety belt. The giant engines roared to life one at a time. Harry counted each one in succession, anxious to be on his way. Finally the mammoth plane released its brakes and rolled down the runway, lifting smoothly in the air. As the plane gained altitude, Harry let his thoughts wander. From Cleveland, he decided, to fly to Los Angeles and from there to México.

With a little altering of Martin's identification he would have no trouble crossing the border. Once there, he planned to wait for Tanya to collect the insurance money, and then to contact her. She should have no trouble collecting, Harry reasoned, since he had carried the large premium for years against an occurrence such as this. Harry longed for her now, thinking of her deep auburn hair and soft curves. She was a real good girl, Harry thought, just have to keep her in place with a few backhands now and then.

Yes, all the pieces of the puzzle were in place now and . . .

"Mr. Martin?" The stewardess stood by Harry's seat.

"Yes?" Harry answered curiously.

"I have a message for you from a Mr. Gill." She said, handing Harry an envelope. With trembling fingers, Harry ripped open the envelope, from which a small pink slip fell unnoticed to the floor. With sinking heart, he began to read:

Harry,

As you have probably already noticed by now, our briefcases seem to have become as mixed up as this flight has been. Since you were good enough to give me your reservation, it was the least I could do. I gave your briefcase to the baggage department clerk and he promised faithfully that it would be put on your flight . . .

THE END

**Quicksand**  
by  
Eric Malooley

Troubling triviamesh  
Clinging like leeches  
Threatening in their multitude—  
Pulling us from our course.



**Landscape**

**James Wilson, Jr.**



# **Der Spieler**

**(The Player)**

**by**

**Eric Malooley**

War-weary dice— terrified of their steady decay  
Constantly rolling from day to day—

Determining this, determining that  
Moving the dog, or moving the hat.

Go for the red! Go for the blue!  
Try to pass Go but cannot get through.

And finally they fall from the edge of the board  
Murdered by both the pen and the sword—

The Player then looks for another fun game  
With another new board and another new name.

---

## **I found myself beneath the sun**

**by**

**Mark Rynties**

Amidst the shriveled leaves  
    of yesterday's autumn,  
and the dried sticks of that same fall,  
and the moss and undergrowth,  
and even  
    (no, especially)  
        the bugs and mosquitoes  
            which inflict that twinge of discomfort,  
            I found myself beneath the summer sun.

Radiance, happiness, serenity,  
    all became a contagious disease  
        with myself its carrier.  
All was alone, but not in the least lonely,  
    as I sat down,  
        a foreigner to the terrain,  
            and found unity to a different flag,  
            even a different anthem,  
            — solitude.

The sun shed its radiant beauty  
    between the interlocking shadows of the trees  
        and even upon my face,  
            making me feel rich and at home,  
            as I found myself beneath the sun.

## **Puppet**

by

**Eric Malooley**

The face of time determines with its  
Methodical ticking, ticking . . .  
As you sprint through childhood—an upper, a downer—  
Searching but never looking.

Yet you survive, to become established—  
Tried in the ways of existence—  
Seeing but only accepting.  
Destined feet running, running . . .

As a statue is molded so you are completed—  
Open as a fist—sheltered by your past—  
Accepting but no longer caring.

The throbbing heart of reality beating, beating, beat . . .  
“Never did find out why.”

---

## **Wood Adrift**

by

**Marietta Banks**

Wood adrift,  
In tune with the waves,  
The water unaware of the intrusion.  
It is an alien,  
In this world of wet,  
But a place is found,  
A status is achieved,  
Nothing objects.

---

## **Prizes**

by

**Eric Malooley**

Flirtatious goals glide beyond our grasp—  
Waiting to be pinned and bottled . . .

Yellow butterfly winging me o'er field and flower  
Making me shrink, letting me tower—  
To be held for only seconds on the clock,  
Closing the gate, then latching the lock.

Tripping wonderfully on the high  
Shirking the truth, living the lie—  
I go day-by-day, never thinking of when,  
Trapped on the treadmill, caught in the pen.

In thought, my dreams are fondled and petted  
As they seek a key and quest for the pass.  
Finally the evasive prize is netted—  
Quickly suffocating inside the glass.





**Spy (monoprint)**

**Mark McKnight**

# The Information Explosion

by

Brian P. Gavin

The information explosion: few know about it, and fewer still care about it. Yet the over-abundance of printed and spoken material on any one subject in the news today is a situation worsening each year. Topics from every corner of society are treated and re-treated to such an extent that the freshness of any new approach to any topic is negated automatically. This situation is painfully obvious to the college student, whose frequent, futile attempts at creative "essaying" too often turn out to be only slightly sophisticated versions of "What I Did Over My Summer Vacation." Likewise, instructors grasping for originality in assignments find it hopeless, and the few worthwhile papers returned to them are thus merely additional kicks at various dead horses. More important than either of these considerations, however, is the determination of what effects the word "explosion" has had on America in general. Many effects are obvious, some are more subtle, but all deserve consideration.

Probably the most blatant reaction to the information boom in America today has come, not surprisingly, in the media itself in the form of sensational journalism. Whereas yesterday observation and subsequent factual reporting were the desired ends of the media, today sees a situation utterly reversed. No longer is a simple account sufficient in good reporting. Rather the greater the excesses and the interpretations, the more desirable the report becomes. Consider, for example, the language of a local, youth-oriented radio station in its account of an assault and robbery in which the victim had several fingers cut off: "He (the thief) picked up the decapitated digit and ripped off the rock." Similarly, in a sports report by a Detroit-based T.V. station, the irate journalist providing the account angrily flushed certain major university athletic officials down the toilet. (The report was complete with sound effects.)

It is not difficult to determine the motivation of reporters who give reports such as these. The job of today's journalist is to lure from competing sources of information an audience. Sensational stories sell.

A second major consequence of the information explosion has evolved to a great extent from the first — Americans are never without a cause. Movements such as the Viet Nam peace push and the environmental panic, in addition to such debacles as the anti-communist panic of the early 50's serve as manifestations of the explosion in that they reflect the effects of sensational journalism. Photographs of dead Vietnamese babies beneath photoshots of American bombers probably did more to instigate the youth peace drive than anything, next to the draft. Similarly assisted was the environmental cleanup campaign, as pictures of cesspools where lakes had been previously, adorned the covers of national magazines. Although this comment is not intended to degrade the worthiness of these movements, the effective role of journalistic exaggeration is obvious. As such, the role of the word "explosion" cannot be downplayed.

A third major consequence of the flood of information, or of the word "explosion", is a paradox of sorts. Because of the sensational information bombardment that the public has withstood in recent years, there seems now to be an over-reaction taking place, that is, a dulling of America's



senses. That which should shock the country out of its collective seat fails to arouse even a raised eyebrow. For a most overworked example, look at the state of affairs in the nation's capitol. The very fact that the most important officials, in the most important organ of government, in the most important country in the world could be suspected of felonious misdeeds should have been moral shock enough to send the Nixon family dog back to California with its tail between its legs, **before** the democrats "blew it" with Mr. McGovern. Public opinion, however, did not force the issue, and the fact that the same is now reversing itself does not weaken the contention. Public apathy has been too obvious for too long, and this, perhaps, is the greatest danger of the information explosion.

These, then, are the primary visible effects of the word "boom". It would be impossible to estimate to what degree American life has been affected by them, or at the same time to determine to what extent the effects have been harmful or beneficial. Certainly, such results as the fad movements benefit society, just as national apathy detracts from society. There are no definite answers.

It would seem, however, that there are ways we can improve. The emotionalism of sensational journalism, of the fad movements, and of social-political apathy, appears to be no longer beneficial. Instead, it is time for a more rational approach.

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## Charley's Girl

by

Myrna L. Turnbull

Word of the transfer dropped out of the sky and my husband went cheerfully off into the blue leaving me to cope with minor chores such as selling the house, investing our money and making arrangements to ship all of the family possessions of the past fifteen years down to the Caribbean. All of the family being packrats, none could part with their treasures (or pets, for that matter) and a mere ten thousand pounds, the equivalent of what freight would be carried on two planes, was made ready for the new venture into the future.

Like any almost liberated woman I threw a fit of dramatic proportions and reluctantly agreed to follow my love as I couldn't think of anyone offhand who would step in and look after me, the three girls and the cats.

Cats were plural because Charley's girlfriend had decided to move in with us and complicate our lives at this crucial time.

Charley was no ordinary cat — indeed, he was quite unusual, having started his life as a reject. Nobody wanted the little fellow because it was discovered shortly after his birth that he was slightly retarded and had only one eye. The day of his proposed execution — Crime: less than beautiful, we scooped him up in our arms and took him home where he belonged.

Shattering his security when he was such a timid little fellow was out of the question so that it was unanimously agreed that his girlfriend should come along on the trip to help him in adjusting to the uncertainty of his new world.

Sheba, who decided to complicate the situation, proceeded to go out and get herself pregnant, much to our dismay. (One cannot reason with a cat, you know — they always do exactly as they please.) By the time that the passports had been procured and inoculations administered her ladyship was overdue so that we crossed our fingers, and with bravery that has been unexcelled, took our plunge into the uncertain future.

The day started ominously for us at approximately five A.M. when we drove from the motel to our ghost-draped house and discovered that the doorkey was inside on the kitchen table. Not wishing to spend our last night in the street we had decided that there wasn't much wisdom in trying to sneak the animals into the motel, especially when we were situated on the second floor. Luckily, both cats had opted to spend their last night on the town saying goodbye to old chums and were on the scene and ready to be tranquilized and caged when we arrived.

At six-fifteen we reached the small local airport to take the domestic flight to Toronto where we could catch the connecting flight to the tropics, our seventeen pieces of luggage and the catcage in hand. (We always travel light.)

Nobody was particularly happy to see us. In fact the girl reacted rather badly. Raising her voice to a fevered pitch she announced that animals were not, were absolutely not allowed on their domestic flights. Other passengers looked on and stifled giggles. That girl didn't fool any of us though; we knew that she had made the rule when she saw us dragging our worldly possessions through the door and struggling with Charley and his girl.

Tears are an enormous advantage at moments like this so I cried. "We have no home now; my husband's several thousand miles away and I'm alone with the children; we have no money; he's expecting us tonight and he can't contact us." At this turn of events the girls became agitated and began to sob too. "We want our kittens, we want our Daddy." In desperation the girl took three tranquilizers and escorted us to the plane. Our troubles were just beginning.

At the Toronto Airport dissent broke out among the children about everyone's pitching in and doing their share. Nobody wanted to carry suitcases and there was much grumbling about child-labor laws. Carol, my most independent child, sat down on the floor and refused to carry her dolls and coloring books one step farther. Some nice man decided to offer assistance to her and carried the treasures to the starting gate, making his rapid departure, no doubt, to report me to the child authorities.

Ten minutes before flight time the Customs' Officer decided to open all of the luggage. We hardly looked like the last of the great smugglers so that he took pity on us when we described the harrowing experiences we'd had trying to get the suitcases closed. With four of us sitting on them there was no guarantee that they would close again. Rather than take the risk of having us on his hands for a few hours he just passed everything through unchecked. He also suggested that we leave — immediately, if not sooner. Meanwhile, the cats were checked through at an astronomical price to Aruba.

Arriving in Miami we were fraught with uncomfortable feelings about airport efficiency and the welfare of pets. We were riding high on Lady Luck for the dumbdumbs had tossed the animals down the luggage shoot — at best, inconsiderate treatment for an expectant mother.



When we came to the rescue Sheba was in labor, the blessed event being forced upon her, and Charley was snarling at the possibility of sharing such confined quarters with mewling infants. Male cats have a reputation for eating the newborn so out came the phenobarb — enough for Charley that the whole thing would go by and less dosage for Sheba so that she could do her thing if she really had to complicate our lives by having kittens over international waters.

The children pleaded with the prospective mother to cross her legs and wait a little longer and Charley went into a slump. No reaction — in our zeal we had overdosed him.

Slap, slap, slap — “Hello Charley, speak to us darling” — nothing — slap, slap, slap — the one eyeball moved and we knew that he was still with us. “Hang in there, darling — in a few more hours it will all be over!”

Agonizing, endless wait — an eon of time and finally the plane landed at our destination.

“What do you have, Lady? What is in the cage?”

“Our kittens” I said, opening the lid — “Oh God, our TWO kittens” I said joyfully! (No addends over international waters.)

“You okay, lady? Your papers — your passport?”

And it was all over — we were home at last, if this was home and Sheba curled up to my husband to tell of the horrors that she had been through — and the waters broke — and birth was upon us — two marvelous kittens, international citizenship — and it was too much for Sheba — off she walked into the sunset away from everything — away — away from the whole drastic nightmare!

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## **“ Change”**

**by**

**Mary Briggs**

A cobblestone path stretches out before me. I know that I must travel down it before I can make a turn onto one of the smoother roads. No one chose this path for me and I often debate with myself about changing the route. Standing on the first rock, looking at the second rock, it seems an easy enough task. My brain says, “Move foot”, but my foot won’t move. I want to run down that path as quickly as possible without looking back, ever again, forgetting whatever I leave behind. My foot still won’t move, so I think I’ll change my approach and just walk fast. How ridiculous, I feel glued down. Then I try bargaining; it has always worked before. Bargaining is ineffective this time. I’m being forced to stay still and since I can’t keep in motion physically, the only thing that keeps moving is my brain. It isn’t an uncomfortable feeling, just a new sensation. At first it is racing like an animated cartoon, only stopping for the main action. As I begin to also comprehend some details between the main scenes my body starts to relax. Hooray! My foot is finally starting to move forward. As I stretch it forward my toe catches on something and I’m unable to regain my balance. I’ve actually slipped under the rock, and I’m hanging by my fingers. I’m so embarrassed!! The path seems so easy for everyone else. “Why am I so stupid.” Tears start to roll down my cheeks and then the

sobs became louder and more pitiful. Oh, it feels so good to cry . . . I know that I'm not crying because I fell down but for hundreds of other reasons and I'm crying mostly for me. Life was so much easier before I decided to go this way. The other routes which I have taken before were so much easier, because I didn't choose them myself, and when I fell or got lost it was never my fault at all. I begin to have the feeling that this time I can't blame anyone else, but neither do I need to blame myself. Suddenly my fingers are becoming stronger and I'm climbing back up on top. Maybe now I can move right along. Oh No!, something is still in my way. An opaque screen is behind me. Why wouldn't I be able to move forward if the screen is behind me? Maybe I can climb over it . . . Halfway up, and then back down with a crude thud. As I fall back down on the starting rock again I think of the other paths which I've taken before that were so different from this one. Most of the time I was carried down the other paths, and sometimes pushed. OH THE AGONY NOW. If only I had been allowed to travel the other paths myself with just a little help when I did fall, but I was never allowed to fall down or to walk by myself. It wouldn't have been too painful for me, but would have been too painful for them, to allow me to do that. Looking forward now I can see a pair of hands reaching out to help me. Someone's watching me fall off, fall down and even knowing how much I am bruised and hurt, is letting me get back up onto my feet and start all over again. How can I give up now when I've got all that help waiting for me when I'm ready to accept it.

I can smile now because I had the answer all the time; I just had to find it. Reaching down to the rock, and opening it up to look inside, I find the answer inside of it. It's me inside of it; I was there all the time, but I just couldn't get out until now. The screen is moving away from behind me and now I know that I can move forward if I take each step slowly and deliberately, pausing to find an answer from within myself before I take another step. The second step is easier than the first, and I can at any time touch one of the hands for strength without losing my dignity or progress forward. Knowing which hand to reach for and when to reach has made the difference.

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## Honeydew

by

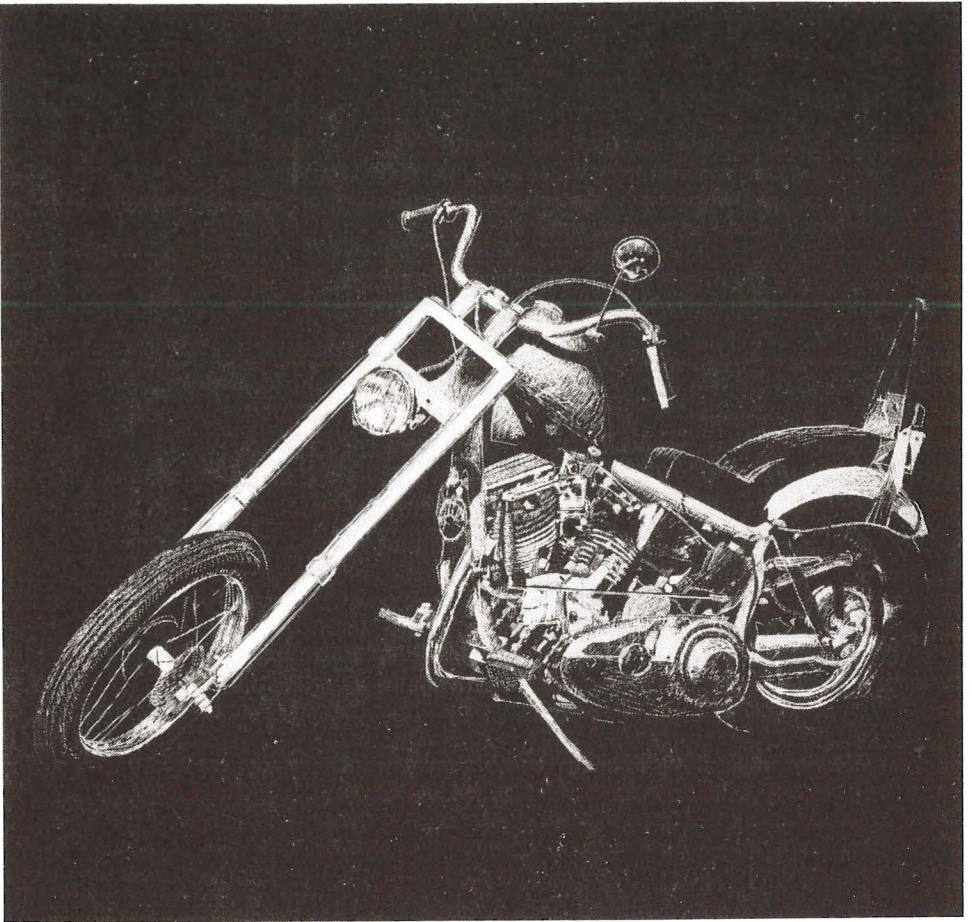
Eric Malooley

Heart hungers for this soothing essence—  
Mind yearns for its anointing presence,  
Body seeking its liniment—  
Soul needing the nourishment.

Dew drops bead—no hurry at all,  
Frosting your leaves with innocence.  
Then with purpose they quietly fall,  
To give of living—sustenance.

Honey runs slow, drop by drop—  
Teasing the dreams with promise,  
Tilling the soil then yielding the crop—  
Filling the being with Oneness.





**Midnight Ryder (scratchboard)**

**Joe Bernard**

# "Scotty"

by

Kenneth A. Tate

Leonard "Scotty" was a man we called the town drunk. He was a lush who spent most of his time in and around bars with the intention of buying or, better yet, mooching alcohol of any combination or concoction. Rarely would he refuse a drink.

Scotty was known inside the bar by everyone and outside the bar by most. He was born and raised in this town and knew almost everyone by his first name, or at least could surely remember it in short order. He was a symbol in and of our town of how a man could reach the condition he was in. People didn't just tolerate Scotty, nor did they feel sorry for him, because, you see, he was a proud man who had nothing to offer but himself and actually wanted little in return. He would seldom beg, but when he did it was known that he was out of spending money.

Scotty got work in our factories by knowing the right people, but always ended up being fired for being drunk on the job within a few weeks of starting. Every boss he ever worked for said that it was too bad because they knew he was a damned good worker.

His clothes were unpressed and often soiled. Scuffed workmen's ankle-high boots kept his limp socks from falling to the ground. The tight boot laces made sure of that. Pants of heavy W.W. II material billowed around his legs and showed signs of being slept in many times. Even the mustard from two days ago was quite apparent just over his right front pocket. It seemed that his solids diet was a hamburger every other day or so, so that he could buy his beer. The shirt he wore would never be white again because of the ground-in dirt combined with sweat stains. It was hard to tell if the odor he gave off was from his exterior clothes or the insulated underwear that he wore the year round. Whatever the case, he was not the most pleasant person to be around in a warm room. It was rare but quite acceptable to see Scotty in all freshly washed clothes.

His worker's uniform-type hat might have been thought by someone unfamiliar with Scotty to be his most prized possession, or so it seemed, because he always defended its loss with great vim and vigor. Perhaps not though. Perhaps it was the only article easily removed from him quickly and quite surely to be used for a little entertainment within the bar.

Scotty had cauliflower ears and a bent nose from the many rounds he spent in a boxing ring. He was never really good in the ring, but then again his left hook wasn't bad either. His seldom-washed or shaven face was deeply wrinkled from sixty years of living, but if one were to take the time he could see that mother nature and the ring had put a mask on a kind and gentle person.

If Scotty knew a person, it was under any and all conditions, and if that person ever really needed help, drunk or sober, he would lend a hand.

He is missed.



# The End, Or

by

James Hand

"It's time, sir."

There was a long and silent pause.

"Sir, it's time."

"Yes . . . I know."

The old gentleman slowly arose from his velvet throne. He showed signs of many troublesome years; his walk was slow but meaningful, his hair was white and fairly well kept, and those all seeing eyes glistened with a trace of a tear.

The gentleman and his companion walked to a celestular viewing screen. There were millions of stars and planets on the screen but, with a slow movement of the gentleman's hand, one planet was brought closer into viewing distance. From a distance this looked like a beautiful and peaceful place, even though through the years the color was slowly acquiring a grey tint.

"Weren't they on the verge of success this time, sir."

"Yes, they had the power to make it work, but they were too greedy and selfish to use it correctly, and I had such great hopes. I gave them the leaders that were needed but they returned them to me before their job was completed. Those selfish and ignorant fools."

"Will you try again with them, sir."

"Yes, I must try again, but my patience is getting thin."

"How will the end come this time, sir."

"The scriptures say fire, so fire it must be."

As they looked closer at the screen they could see a faint flash of light, and soon the planet was ten times as bright as it had been a few moments earlier.

"You had better prepare for their coming and assist them in their state of confusion."

"Yes, sir, it will be done at once."

The gentleman turned from the screen and picked up a small piece of clay and he began to shape a small figure. As he shaped the figure he began to recite an old passage: "In the Beginning . . ."

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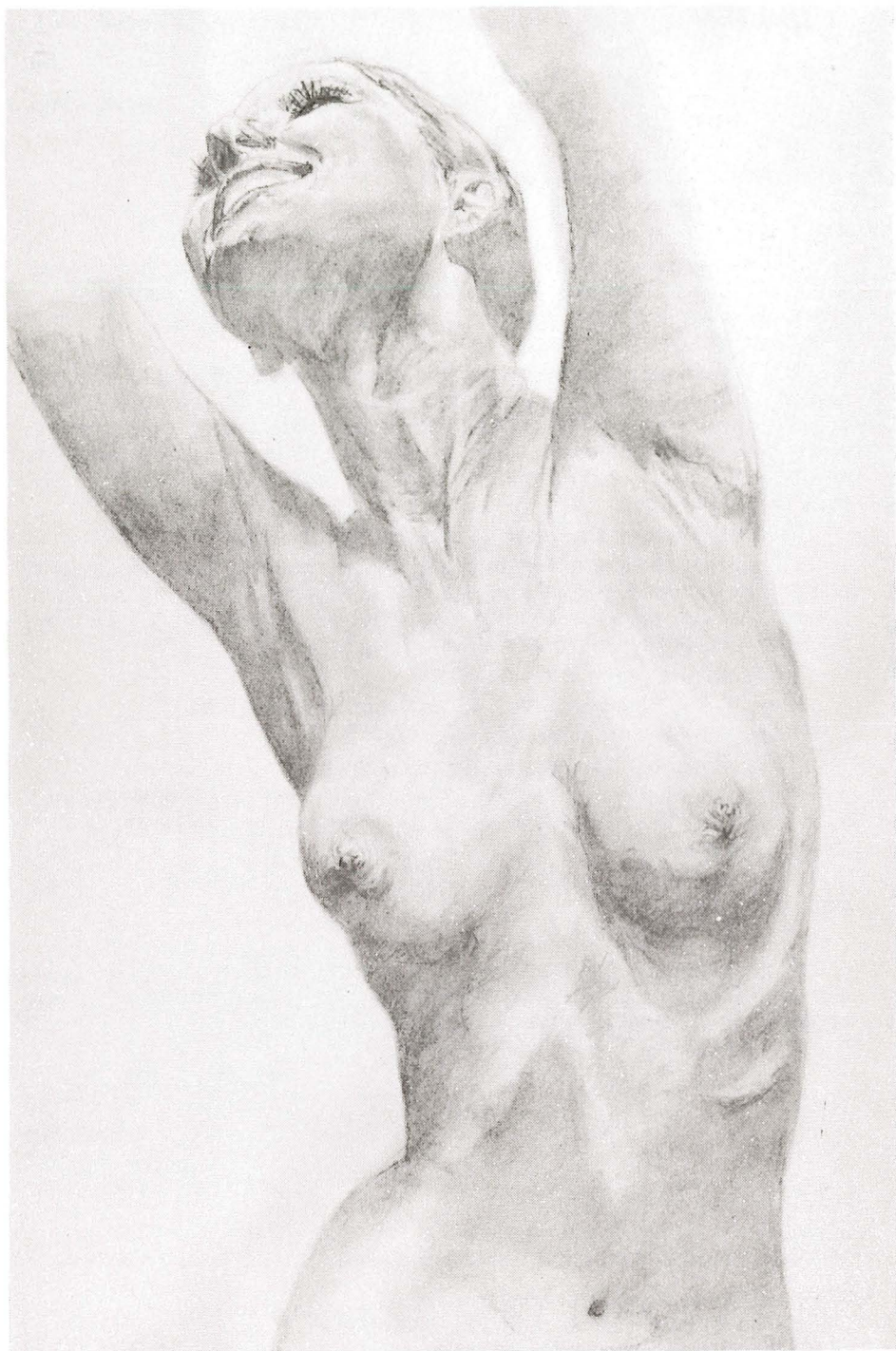
## Before It's Too

by

Eric Malooley

Grain — on an endless beach,  
Droplet — in the boundless blue,  
Particle — drifting through encompasspace:

"Why do you mistreat your Mother so?  
While the trees spring up and the rivers flow?  
Viciously spitting in Her countless faces,  
Constantly testing Her tiring graces—  
Until finally She no longer sees  
The need for grass, the need for trees."



**Aspiration (pencil)**

**Sandy Campbell**



# Poor Richard

by

Mike Leon

It was a cold and windy day. But somehow all the days seemed cold to Richard lately. The month was November, and as he looked from his window the drizzle combined with the wind and cold made the man scurrying down the street snuggle more deeply into his turned-up collar. In this rare moment of solitude, Richard wondered what it was that made it so hard for this countryman of his and the millions of others like him, to understand his own motives and sincerity.

Couldn't they really see that he was burning himself out for their benefit? Was it possible that they didn't see the lines cutting ever more deeply into his drawn face? He ignored the ringing in the office as he savored his brief moments alone. Slowly he turned from the window of the richly decorated office to the persistent ringing sound coming from the large, wooden desk. Bitterly, he thought of the rattlesnake with its ominous rattle that foretold of the dreaded truth. Ironical he thought, that all his plans, hopes, and dreams should have come to this.

In the wanderings of his mind, he thought of a captain of a great ship at sea, betrayed by a portion of the ship's company. The trusted mate bored a hole in the hull of the powerful ship and when the water burst through, jumped into a lifeboat and said, "See what the Captain has done." One by one he watched his comrades either fall under the oncoming rush of water or desert him and take up the cry of the "Judas" mate. As the ship became laden with water he envisioned himself as the captain vainly trying to plug the leak. Soon he found himself quite alone, bravely trying to keep the great vessel on an even keel in an increasingly stormy sea. The people on the distant shore stood quietly by watching as some unbelievable monster pushed new holes through the hull and reopened those he thought he had securely sealed.

Abruptly, he returned to reality. Hadn't he studied all the great men of history, the maneuvers of successful politicians who preceded him, didn't he understand the political realities of today? And what of the law, international intrigue, and the needs of a great nation? He felt he understood all these things, at least as well as any one man could. Surely, his desire for world peace and unity was desired by all men!

Then why did this unnameable thing torment him so? Certainly all men in positions of power had enemies, but this was something more than that. His mind momentarily turned to the talk of resignation. Is this what the thing wanted? Certainly it was! But, what of the common man unable to understand or cope with an increasingly complex world, who would be the champion against the thing eating away at his very core? Should he desert them in their innocence?

The ringing had ceased and a rather stout man with thinning hair and an air of non-comprehension was ushered into the office. Richard looked at him and wondered what had happened to all the fine young men who had started this grand undertaking with him. As the man stood there Richard wondered if they really thought he could operate with this kind of men. Of course they didn't! This was merely another visible effect of that unnameable and invisible thing which was getting ever more vicious as the days, increasingly more painful, went their agonizing way.

What part was this new man, who nervously awaited some sign from Richard, to fill? There were so many changes these days. Again he thought of the men who had excitedly joined him at the onset of his great venture. He had acquired the finest young minds in the country: people he felt were without thought of personal gain and void of political aspirations. These men he felt would loyally serve as trusted assistants, able to oversee the daily requirements of government. He, with the aid of these carefully chosen men who would build a monument of world peace for mankind.

Somehow things had started to fall apart; had the decay really begun from within? In retrospect, he supposed it had, but who could know that these brilliant, trusted people would create this horrendous monster which was now destroying him. Damn!, he had tried to get the very best men possible and look what they had done to him.

Finally he turned to the new man, gave him the customary congratulations, wished him well in his new position and dismissed him. It was becoming a recurrent function now, one man after another and each in his turn deserting him.

His shoulders sagged as once more Richard turned to the window. In the park across the street he could see a small boy oblivious to the inclement weather, joyfully playing. He thought of the pressing business that urgently needed his attention. Perhaps he, too, like the small child, could forget about the raging storm. Perhaps this was all merely a test of his strength. If he could do combat with the monster successfully, his people would once again turn to him for guidance and give him the support he so badly needed. A small voice said, "I can and by God I will."

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## Doctor of the World

by

Ronald Kaminski

His eyes grew big and wild as he pushed

the magic button down,

That lit the world with a flame that

shook the resting ground.

The gravestones toppled over

with their souls facing hell,

The turtle in the ocean pulled himself

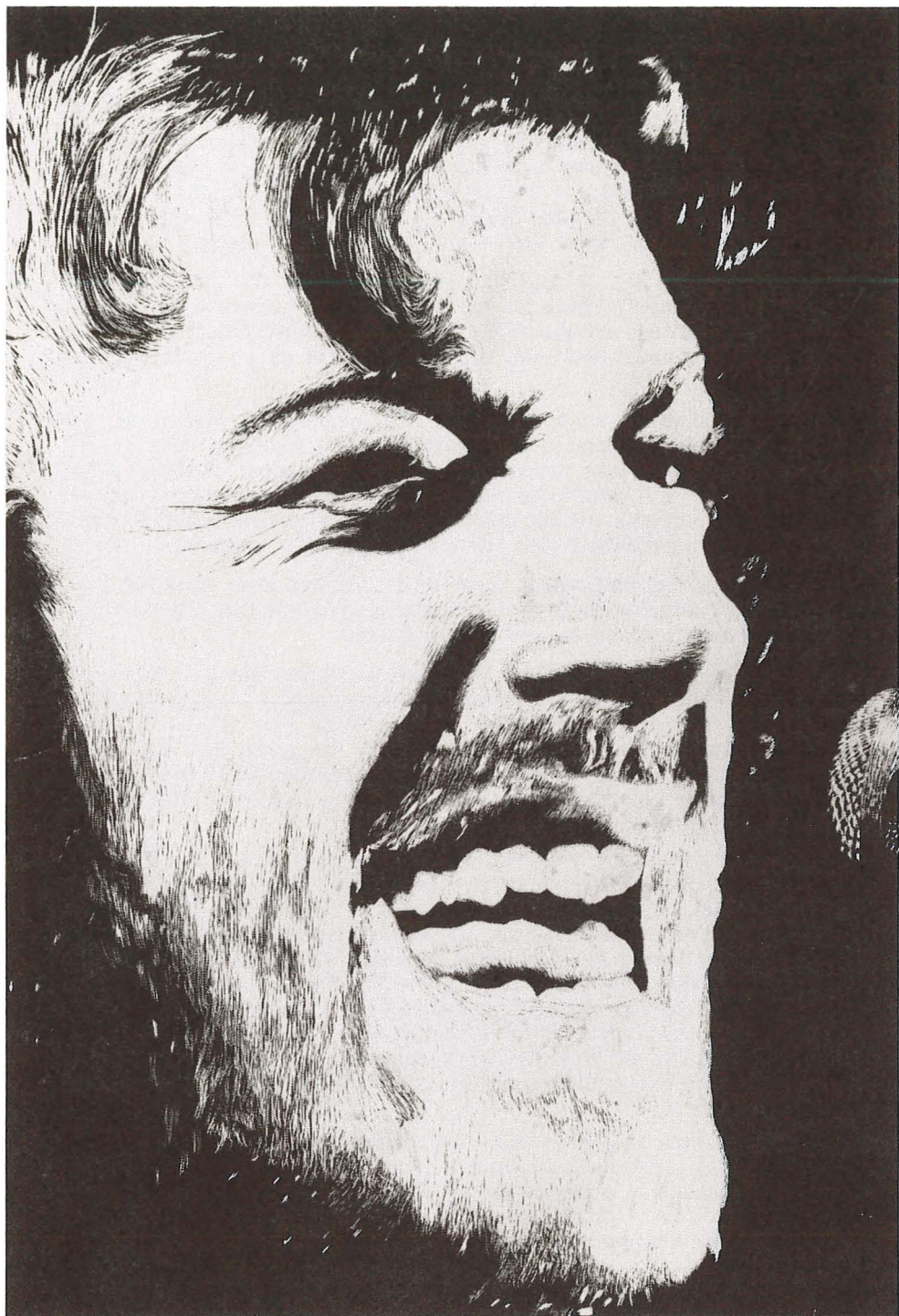
into his shell,

While the man jumped and shrieked

his joy,

And beat his head against the wall.





**Scratchboard**

**Lee Steffen**

# The Moving

by

Marie A. Albert

Tears trickled silently down Tina's cheeks as she packed her belongings. The worst was over; the hysterical sobbing had subsided to silent whimpering, and she resigned herself to the wait for a broken heart to slowly fuse together. Each tear seemed to be a reflection of what her life had been until now — until now it had all seemed so simple.

Carefree high school days had gone by rapidly, then an attempt at Junior College. But Tina was too grown up for that nonsense — she was independent, strong, mature, ready to face the cold, cruel world. Tina was sure she could handle **any** situation — after all she was eighteen years old!

The packing to move to Detroit was exciting. Gathering all the special little memory-loaded knick-knacks and trinkets to take to her very own apartment was heartstirring, and the prospect of meeting her new room-mate and soon-to-be closest friend gave her shivers of delight. The knowledge of a job waiting at Michigan Bell Telephone Company made Tina even more pedantic — the "what a big girl am I" attitude.

The unpacking and putting away on arrival was even more fun than the packing on departure; between excited giggles and high expectations, Tina and her new-found friend Linda unpacked.

Linda and Tina worked the same hours, and when they got off of work they did everything together. Sometimes they shopped — spending what was left of their pay checks after rent and food bills. Sometimes they went to shows, and sometimes to "Antonio's" for pizza. But most often Tina and Linda stayed in their cozy little apartment that they shared with each other and two perky little goldfish. It was the goldfish that brought the beginning of the end.

It was her day off, and Tina had decided that Oscar and Tilly (the goldfish) were in dire need of clean, fresh water. That task accomplished, she started backing out of the utility closet in the hallway of the apartment building (when one's hands are full of goldfish, one opens a door anyway he can!) when she was jolted back into the closet by an unknown force on the other side of the door. When the door was reopened, there stood prince charming, the most handsome young man Tina had ever seen. He was very apologetic about bounding around the corner, thereby accidentally pushing the door and Tina with it. It resembled a movie: he helped her with the goldfish and they fell madly in love — at least **Tina** fell madly in love.

Bob, tall, dark and handsome — he looked very much like the famous Dean Martin — spoke with a soft, southern voice. He was from Memphis, Tennessee, and was going to be in Detroit a few more days. He was completing a course in diesel mechanics, then returning to Tennessee to work. But as it turned out, a week after he left to go back to Tennessee he returned, this time, he said, to stay and make Tina his wife. She was eighteen, he was twenty-five. But **she** was a mature eighteen, ready to face anything . . .

The whole romance started like a movie and for a while it continued that way — fun, laughter, every spare moment together. Then after a



few months he finally got around to mentioning the fact that he had a wife in Tennessee from whom he was going to get a divorce. That put the first crack in Tina's heart.

Things went steadily downhill from there; he started to drift into a night life that never included her because, conveniently, she wasn't old enough to go into bars. They spent less and less time together. The crack in her heart was enlarged, and other little cracks started to appear.

Her dear friend Linda stood silently by, shaking her head at Bob's actions, and Tina was beginning to feel that she wasn't quite ready to handle this kind of situation; all she could do was to sit in the apartment at night and cry. Neither Linda nor Tina knew exactly what to do.

Then everything happened at once. Linda's parents were moving to Georgia, and she wanted to go with them but didn't want to leave Tina to live alone in that great big city, especially in her situation. She knew, before Tina really faced it, that Bob was not the prince charming she had once imagined.

That night Tina discussed it with Bob. He kindly offered to "share" her apartment with her. Marriage? No, conveniently he was not divorced yet. That was it; the crack in her heart finally gave way to a complete break.

She knew she must go home.

She quit her job, said goodbye to Linda, and then tearfully began to pack. There was no excitement in packing; this time it was a cheerless chore. As she continued to pack, Tina continued to think that there was a lot more to being mature than she had counted on.

She can look back now and know that everyone goes through a first heartbreak, and everyone recovers from it even though there remains forever a scar where fusion took place.

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## Experience

by

Eric Malooley

Speak of Right—

And Justice will fall easily.

Pray for Light—

And Evening will come silently.

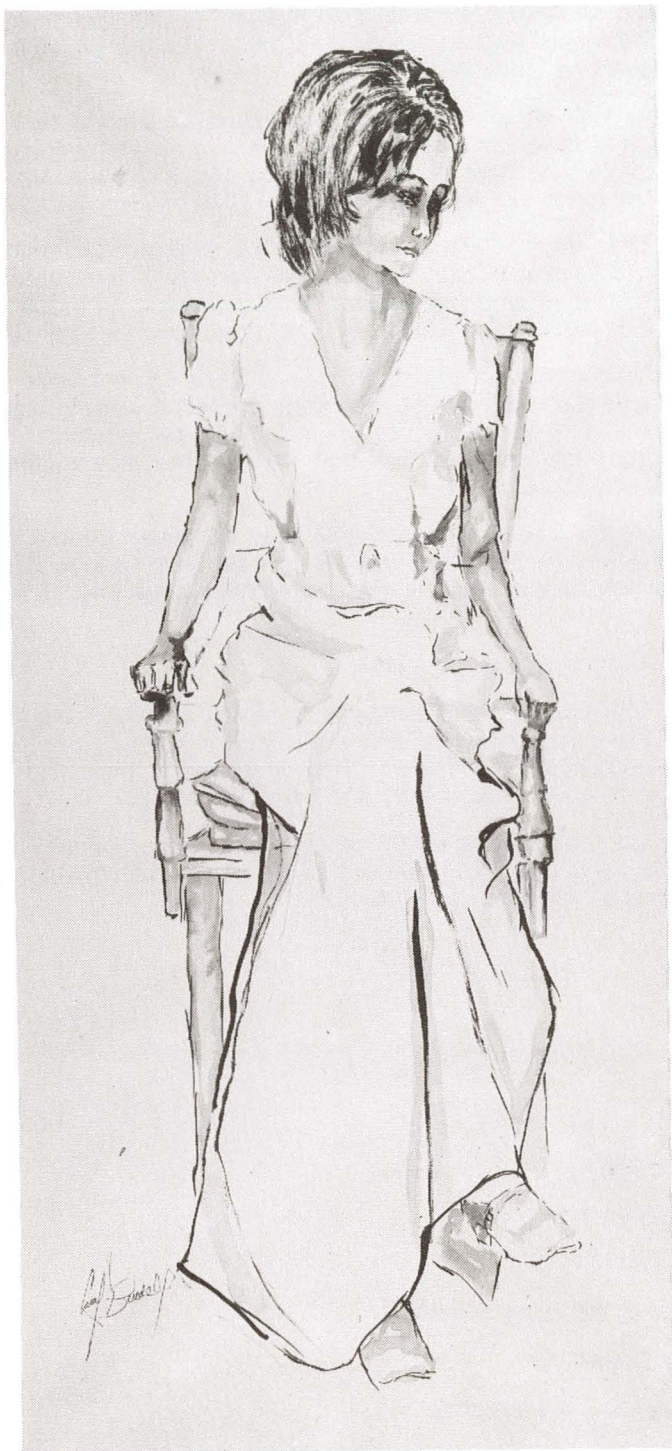
Seek the Dove—

And learn Hate is invincible.

Cry for Love—

And find your Heart dispensable.





**Figure Drawing (ink)**

**Carol Burdell**

# The Blue Water Area: A Look Into The Future

by

Mark Rynties

The people of the Blue Water Area must realize that the future is approaching and cannot be ignored. Like the ostrich who isolates itself by burying its head in the sand, many people of the Blue Water Area have, until recently, considered themselves exempt from change. They have never considered the possibility that their peaceful community may be transfigured into a bustling "megalopolis" within the space of their lifetime. And now, with the advent of tomorrow, this callous attitude must be cast aside so progress and its subsequent change can be understood and hopefully tolerated.

Dr. Constantinos Doxiadis, an internationally recognized authority of urban planning and development, has extensively studied the urban Detroit area and concludes that by the year 2000, Port Huron may possibly be a twin city of Detroit. Because of its ideal shipping routes and its close proximity to Canada, the Blue Water Area will grow at such a rate that it will become just as large, important, and likewise frightening as Detroit today.

However, this projected change may be considered unfavorable. Anyone who has ever been to Detroit could well understand why the growth of Port Huron into another Detroit could be tragic. Detroit is a jungle. It is a jungle of cars, lives, emotions, interests, and abilities. In Detroit, two million people are tossed together to salvage happiness, solitude, and complacency from the wreckage of a city so torn by decay that 750 people were murdered there last year alone. Thousands upon thousands of cars and factories make the people suffer from noise, pollution, and congestion. The ghetto survives not only along Detroit's East Side and elsewhere, but most prominently in the minds of its distraught and disturbed residents.

This could be the fate of the Blue Water Area.

Doxiadis admits that the Port Huron Area would have to undergo an extensive face-lifting before the changes he proposes are even remotely possible. Revolutionary changes would have to be made in such vital areas as transportation, housing, recreation, and education. Industry would have to bring more jobs and money to the community. Garbage, sewage, and water facilities would have to be improved. More projects like the new reforming plant built by Consumer's Power, Edison's Greenwood Energy Center, and Detroit Water Works would have to be built to service the great number of people the future would bring. And most importantly, the people would have to learn to live the life of the big city.

If **progress** is defined as development which affords a society, its people, and its environment the opportunity to live in harmony with each other, then can it be attained by making the Blue Water Area another Detroit? Can people find harmony in a society where an individual does not know his neighbor; in a society where women must fear the rapist and old men must fear the murderer whenever they innocently venture from their homes at night? Can people find harmony if social stability



and security are lost in the blind pursuit of change? Is progress worth the price the people must pay by forfeiting the freedoms and beauties they now enjoy and treasure? The answers are obvious.

Today, housing is inadequate to meet the needs of the Blue Water Area. Port Huron is a bedroom community that is dependent upon Detroit money and jobs for its survival. Yet its problems are few as compared to those it would be confronted with once it sacrificed the beauty, serenity, and complacency of the area and its people and became another Detroit. If, in the future, its landscape is obstructed by towering skyscrapers, high-speed transportation, and millions of people, has its character and harmony been preserved? Indeed it has not. The people will lose sight of the beauty Port Huron now possesses and become lost in the sudden change of events which disrupt its complacency. People will lose their emotional and social tranquility and become mere automata of malignant change. The Blue Water Area will lose her identity and personality to be subservient to the world, the changes, and the difficulties of tomorrow. The city as it is known today will be aborted to make room for a new community tomorrow.

The people of the Blue Water Area cannot afford to remain immune to the inevitable changes which will occur when the community matures. Nor can they afford to idly sit back and blindly become puppets of Detroit. Either way the battle is lost because it is not fought. Instead, civic leaders, industry, and others must strive to instill hope and concern in the minds and attitudes of the city's residents. The area must not mature in accordance with Detroit needs, while remaining oblivious of its own. No one wins if Port Huron becomes an extension of Detroit troubles. Yet, as Doxiadis admits, the future is uncertain. It is this uncertainty which challenges the leadership, the youth, and the generations of tomorrow.

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## Built in the Image of God

by  
M. Turnbull

And God said "Let there be light"  
And breathed life into man  
Who, built in the image of God  
But less than perfect, went forth  
And began to multiply  
And use and abuse the air and the water  
And earth and other resources  
Thoughtless of possibility that there  
Would come an end to natural things.

And the Gods of the elements looked  
To the earth and frowned and wept with distress  
As land became overpopulated and soil  
Became raped of its nutrients from  
Excesses of improper use  
And air waxed heavy with pollution  
Of chemicals and grime  
And fishes washed up along the shores  
Of beaches, Millions of lifeless bodies lay,  
Symbolic of man's wastefulness  
For man, who, built in the image of God,  
But less than perfect,  
Went forth and destroyed.





**Figure Drawing (pastel)**

**Denise Dazer**

# New York City

by

Jean Scott

New York City was a monster, an angel, a shrouded dream stabbed with piercing realities. It moved and breathed, its streets swollen with nameless countenances, and it writhed and lay stagnant in the debris of its own forgotten resources. New York was half poem and half nightmare, and all of it was true.

Within the framework of the life-style of the city, there were contained those pleasant aspects of New York. They were subtle, but not hard to find, because they fairly radiated through the obvious bad aspects. It proved, for example, its sense of humor. From a bus oozing its way through traffic-laden Fifth Avenue, I was surprised to see a man with shoulder-length hair, wearing a glittering suit of tiny gold mirrors and a black top hat. I also became accustomed to seeing many foreign people in one place. In the hotel there were several Negresses from Africa dressed to the hilt in their native garb and conversing rapidly in their own colorful language. It was fascinating to not hear one cognate word. Forty-sixth Street, close to Broadway, was spangled with expensive foreign restaurants. Three friends and I ate at a Greek one, where I enjoyed talking some Greek with the waiter. Every street had unusual shops filled with curious items, such as crystal balls and inflatable plastic furniture.

While the good aspects of New York were pleasant and exciting, the strikingly bad aspects lingered in one's mind, and didn't escape before arousing the morbid curiosity that characterizes so well the elements of human nature. The sights that attacked my eye, and the sounds that slammed against my eardrum also permeated my heart. They remain there yet.

When I arrived at New York, I at first experienced a great, superficial excitement. As I found my way through its streets, the feeling gave way to strange emotions and mental sensations. I felt as though I were being "pushed" somewhere, to the edge of the world, it seemed. Everywhere there were people, people, people. They seemed impersonal, strange, made of steel; but in a way, they seemed to claw at the wall of their way of life, for they **were** walled in. Finally, ironically, their faces wore an expression of quiet acceptance.

Homeless vagrants, nomads, and human monstrosities roamed the streets, looking ahead only into the oblivion of routine. I recall a small, black woman who, in the daytime, trotted aimlessly back and forth with arms folded and head down. At night she hovered in some abandoned doorway with her eyes closed. She did this each night. On a dark side street, there was a man trying on clothes that had been thrown out. He matched them carefully and evaluated their appearance, though they were ragged and worn. Not far from him, an old woman slept huddled on the bank steps.

At night, the restless subways coughed and rattled below the hotel. They left in their wake an immediate and temporary turbulence that crawled from the bowels of the city to the sidewalks, and was replaced suddenly by an awesome and empty loneliness.



During the day, the only fresh air to be found was inside the hotel. Without, the air was frighteningly dirty and gray. It was like breathing dust and gasoline.

Keats wrote, "truth is beauty, beauty is truth . . .", and I agree with him. The only beauty to be found in New York City is the fact that we can see clearly the results of mistakes we have made: the filth, the great long waiting lists for low-income housing, the unfathomable sense of despair exuded by Harlem, the sight of expensive penthouses tainted by the horror of slums, the constant planning of new buildings haunted by the ensuing lack of room. Surely the quality of life there cannot nurture hope or a sense of self in the individual, nor can it reflect the innate potential of man's creativeness. For New York City, the only way forward is to first move backward.

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## the (w) hole

by

Eric Malooley

w i d o w s

w a p e d

w i t h

w a t e r y

w o d e r i n g s —

Showing the world as

it could be.

m i r r o r s

m i l k y

w i t h

m u t p e

m ' s —

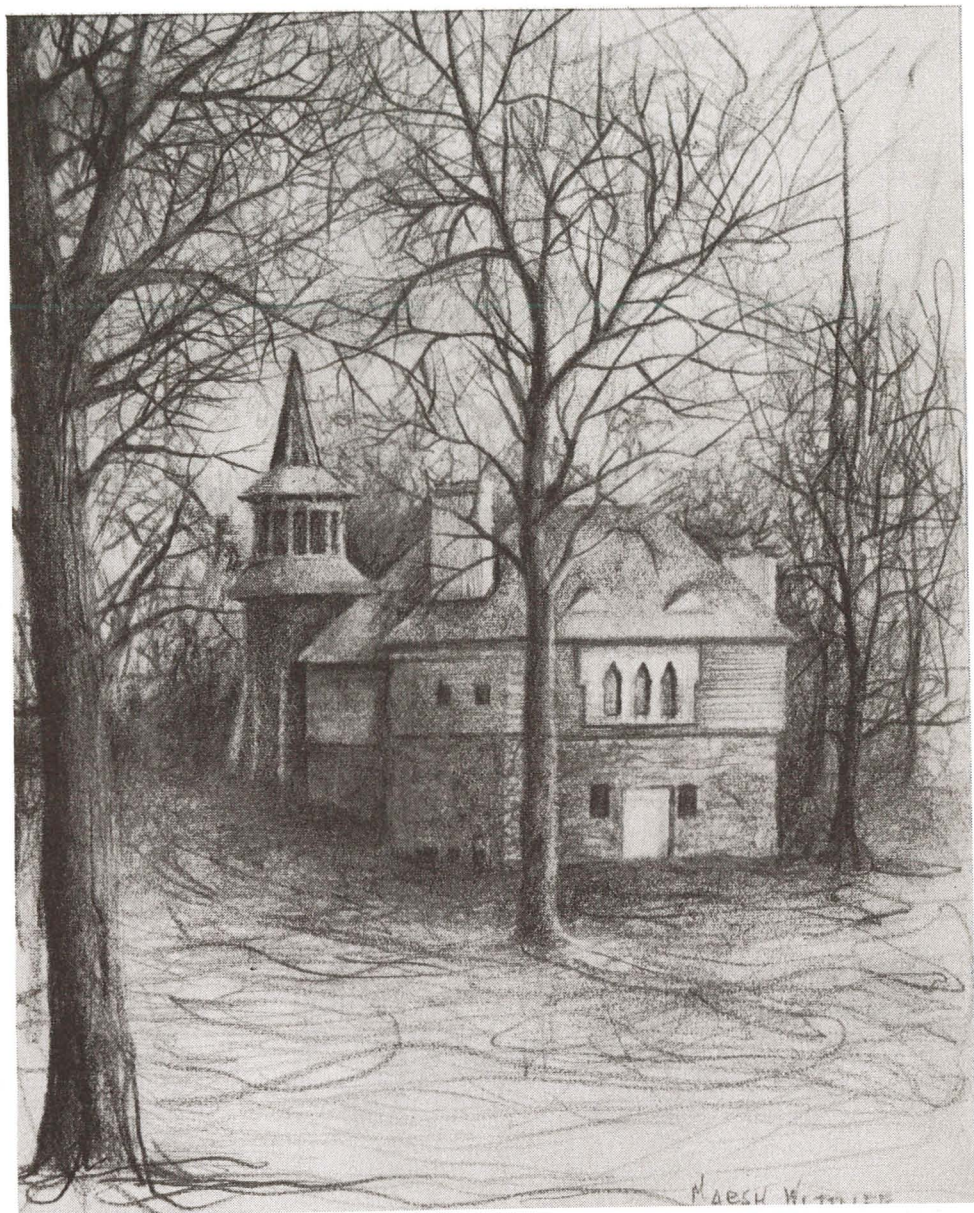
Showing my face as

it would be.

They are one and the same

My dreams and my name.





**Chapel of Dusk (pencil)**

**Marsh Wittliff**

# The Fox

by

Mark Rynties

Meandering throughtout the darkness  
    in search of nothing,  
        heading nowhere,  
a fox abrupted  
    sober stillness  
and pranced about  
    with self-proclaimed gait,  
        between ditch and highway and ditch,  
            unaware,  
                frivolous,  
                    and carefree  
for a fox claimed to be so sly.  
Two lonely headlights approached  
    from the distant horizon  
        moving,  
            speeding  
                hurling itself  
                    toward the fox.  
The headlights overcame  
    the blinded fox,  
        until,  
            "thump",  
                and it was nomore.  
Stillness became the victor  
    of another empty tragedy,  
        as once again was proven  
            the wastefulness  
                of the end.

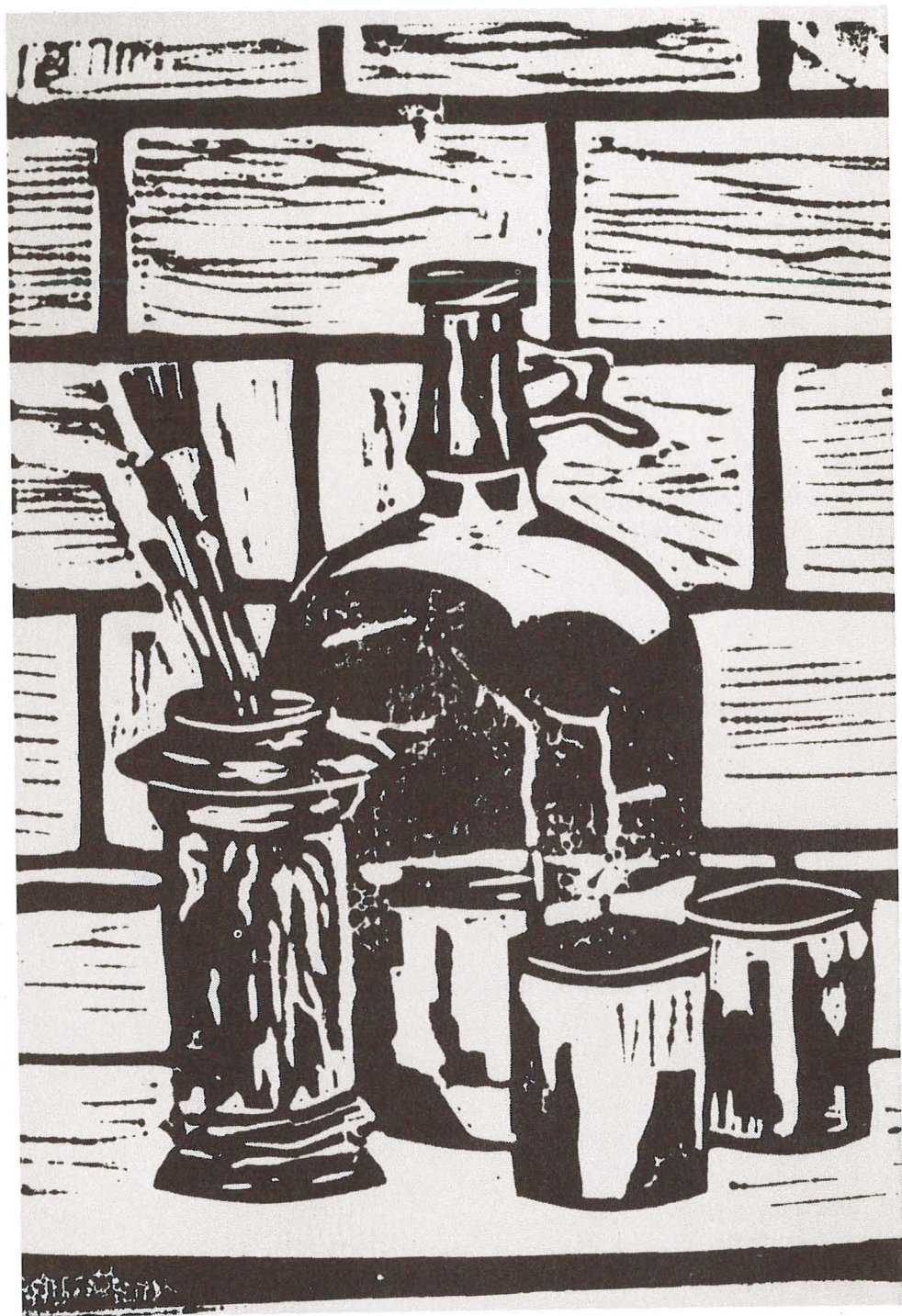
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by

Robert J. Herrington

To die, to forget,  
To leave all behind is death,  
    But death is to rest.  
    Her hair, soft like silk,  
Her face, a golden luster,  
    To know her, to love.  
    Love's in the clear air,  
On a warm and sunny day;  
    Her skin, smooth like milk.  
    Two birds flying high  
Wings spread wide to catch the sun  
    Moving with freedom.





Still Life (linoleum cut)

Marsh Wittliff



## **King Sun**

by

**M. Turnbull**

Soft flush of pinky haze along horizon  
Kaleidoscope of blue-green-yellow-orange  
Melts softly into one another  
Sets the stage for rising star King Sun.

Brilliant blaze of yellow-gold drifts softly  
Upward through the Heavenly mist  
And reaching zenith  
Throws back head in lusty laughter  
At poor mortals down below  
Who dare not lift their eyes  
To gaze upon the beauty  
Of King Sun.

Rays float softly downward  
Soft honey-cast converts a sterile  
Earth to buzzing kingdom  
Soaked in warmth and love.

The Regal One surveys his tiny  
Kingdom from above  
And satisfied with court  
Prepares for glorious exit.

Blazing ball of brilliant red  
Sinks slowly through pink-purple mist  
In grand finale disappears  
Below the inky black horizon.

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## **The Saturation Bombing Jump Rope Song**

by

**Richard Hudgins**

Bomb glare  
Signal flare  
Don'cha let them  
Find you there  
Whistle high  
Whistle low  
Jump into  
A crater hole

## **Point Beyond Gray (Part I)**

**by**

**Eric Malooley**

Haven't really been down and out,  
Haven't ever been up and in.  
Paid my dues in a life of doubt,  
Found that gold can turn to tin.

My heart's always feared the future of no,  
Being reprived of an outreaching hand.  
I'll sure be damn glad when it's time to go,  
To make love with life in my kinda land.

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## **Point Beyond Gray (Part II)**

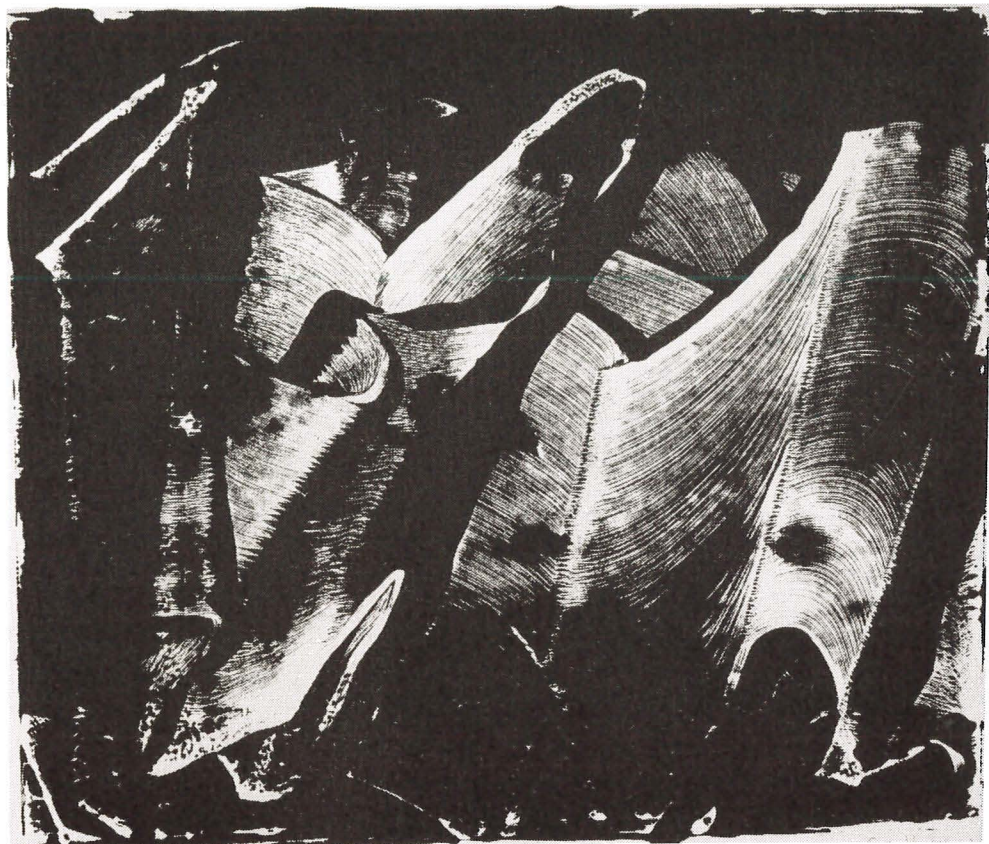
**by**

**Eric Malooley**

Senses remain stoned with the confusion  
Of existence — seeing only universal dispassion.  
My eyes were held tightly closed as I  
Slowly withdrew my thoughts from the world.  
Crouched in the air, I avoided love's  
Interrogating eye and hid from the racing  
Feet of time.

I saw her through the gray.

It was then I realized that I must  
Prepare myself for the approaching storm —  
The inevitable tempest after gray. I  
Knew its revenge would be complete,  
Cleansing the past from my mind —  
Allowing it to deal in terms of rainbow.



**Aggravation (monoprint)**

**Sue Huyser**



